Were this note to be captioned, it should be something like Tennessee: Her Justice is as Fabled as Her Courtesy.

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Jim Lesar phoned me about 7:30 p.m. from the Nashville airport. He had a few minutes before his plane left. He had gone there to participate in an action by a number of prisoners seeking what they regard as their rights. Ray is one. It has to do with the conditions of his confinement. Jim got all the way down there to find that his motion had been denied without him being informed. He had a discussion in chambers with the judge. Jim thought the judge felt a little uneasy about it. He indicated to Jim that as the hearing proceeded he might let Jim address some of the issues. Jim tried. The judge cut him off, saying "I have ruled against you".

As Jim was driving to see Ray or towrd the airport, at about 5 p.m. Nashville time he was listening to the news. He then learned for the first time that the same judge had ruled against the habeas corpus petition. Jim knows no more than he heard on the radio, the bare fact.

"Bad trip", I said in sympathy. I was surprised at the habeas corpus petition denial. Perhaps after a hearing, but with the record set forth, without a hearing seems pretty raw. Jim interrupted my effort to console to say it was not a complete loss. "I've got a number for you." "Good!" I said. He said he also had a little bit more that Jimmy had all written out. Four or five pages of new stuff.

He is to come up in the morning. We had no discussion of this on the phone.

And until I see it I'll have no idea of how worhtwhile it is. The timing is bad, in terms of my capabilities. I have been leaning on Jimmy, with varying amounts of pressure, for a long time for this. I think as late as my last letter. He almost came accross last May. When I kept pressing then, face to face, he told me how he could safely get the information to me. Not this way. He then indicated that if something he then had in the works failed he'd get this information to me. Perhaps he explained it to Jim, but if he was not certain of the security of the place in which they met, he'll have written it out, not spoken it.

There are three numbers for which I pressed him. Two were for phone contacts, one N.O., one Baton Rouge. The third was the license number of the car with which he rendezvoused in Laredo. He claimed to be uncertain about all but the first.

HM 3/30/73